

Scena 3. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous: and some Attendants, T. Tuske: Curtin.

Emil. Ile no step further.

Per. Will you loose this fight?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly  
Then this decision ev'ry blow that falls  
Threats a brave life, each stroake laments  
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like  
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,  
It is enough my hearing shall be punishd,  
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is  
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye  
With dread sights, it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord  
Your Sister will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,  
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now  
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife  
Both seald with eye, and care; you must be present,  
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland  
To crowne the Questions title.

Emil. Pardon me,  
If I were there, I'd winke

Thes. You must be there;  
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you  
The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct,  
There is but envy in that light, which shoves  
The one the other: darkenes which ever was  
The dam of horror, who do's stand accurst  
Of many mortall Millions, may even now  
By casting her blacke mantle over both  
That neither could finde other, get her selfe  
Some part of a good name, and many a murder  
Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must gee.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes. Why the knights must kindle  
Their valour at your eye; know of this war  
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by  
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,  
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride  
Out of it selfe.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure,  
Those that remaine with you, could wish their office  
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Sister,  
I am like to know your husband fore your selfe  
By some small start of time, he whom the gods  
Doe of the two know best, I pray them he  
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.  
Emil. Arcite is gently visagd; yet his eye  
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon  
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage  
Are bedfellows in his visage: Palamon  
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow  
Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes on,  
Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to  
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye  
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly  
Becomes him nobly; So do's Arcites mirth,  
But Palamons sadnes is a kinde of mirth,  
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,  
And sadnes, merry; those darker humours that  
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them  
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trompets sound as to a charge.  
Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe incite  
The Princes to their prooffe, Arcite may win me,  
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to  
The spoyling of his figure. O what pittie  
Enough for such a chance; if I were by  
I might doe hurt, for they would glance their eyes

Thes.

M

Towar